

21*

The Infallible Doctor.

A NEW SONG.

Sung in the Character of a Merry Andrew.



GOOD people I tell you no rhodamantado,
The Doctor is not on the plan of Sangrado,
Or Walker, or Rock, or the fam'd Chevalier,
Toscano the Great, or the little Vever.
Derry down, &c.

But master of more than man ever projected,
Tho' never by mortals yet taught, or directed;
His nostrums are sure, not the project of whim
The virtues selected from all are in him.

Here's pills for a wife that shall wrangle & brawl
That shall make her talk less, or perhaps not at all
Here's drops that exceed the fam'd Naples Dew
For they give the girls beauty and constancy too.

Here's a snuff that apply'd to the head in riot,
Will silence a fish-woman, make her be quiet,
Elixir of life for the lads of the blado,
Made from the wind that destroy'd the Armado.

True spirits of humour, to chase away gloom,
Extracted from Foot, at the sign-painter's room
And a draught will extend the heart of a miser,
A powder make all but my master grow wiser.

There's no getting rid of complaint, or of ill,
Except by the bolus, draught, tincture, or pill;
Throw up your handkerchiefs, come by the score
And do as you shoud, or see Andrew no more.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.